Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

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For the Saturday Evening Post.

THE POET.

BY J. DU SOLLE.

Madden in his "Infirmities of Genius" remarks, that poets are the most short-lived of literary characters, and inculcates the idea, that the constant exercise of the imagination is not only inimical to health, but the inevitable cause of premature death.

Thou dark-eyed, pensive passionate child of song!
Enthusiast! dreamer! worshipper of things
By the world's crowd unnoticed, 'mid the throng
Of beautiful creations Nature flings
The sunlight of existence on! The wings
Of the rude tempest are not half so strong
As thy proud hopes—thy wild imaginings—
Stop! are their bold and sacrilegious flight
Reach a too-dazzling height:
Venturing sunward, till the flashing eye
Of Reason, grown deliriously bright,
Kindle to madness, and to idiocy;
And, from excessive light,
To hideous blindness fall, and tenfold night!
Stop, melancholy youth!
Though bright and sparkling be the tide of song,
And many a sunbeam o'er its waters dance
Meanderingly along—
Though it be heaven to quaff of,—yet, in truth,
A deadlier venom taints its gay expanse,
(More deep, more strong,)
Than to the subtlest poison doth belong!
A very demon haunts its fated air,
Infatuating with its serpent glance
The wanderer there;
And, with a sad but most bewitching smile,
Luring the credulous one to its desire:
Stirring new feelings, passions, hopes, awhile,
And burning thoughts, whose mad, unholy fire,
With its own at length enkindles its own funeral pyre!
Stop then, sad youth! since Life is not all care,
But, hath its hours of rosy-lipped delight:
Since the cold grave hath little but despair,
The weary, world-worn spirit to invite:—
Stop! I conjure thee! bid the muse away!
Her fatal gifts relinquish or resign;
Her haughty mandates heed not nor obey:
E'en now thy brow hath sorrow's pallid sign—
Thine eye, though bright, is like the flickering ray
Of a "stray sunbeam o'er some ruined shrine,"
Lighting up vestiges almost divine,
In sad, yet divinely beautiful decay:
Thy cheek is sunken, and the fickle play
Of the faint smile that curls thy parted lip,
Hath something fearful in it, though so gay,
A something treacherously calm, and deep;
Such as on sunny waters seems to sleep,
When hid beneath some passing shadow's gray,
The subtle storm fiend watches for his prey.
Stop! ere thine hour of dalliance be over;
Ere health abandon thee, and quench her light
In the dark stream of death—the faithless rover!
Ere Hope herself, take flight,
Down to the depth of that dark flowing river,
Whose sombre shores are clothed in endless night;
Ere thou be wrested from us, and, for ever—
Blotted like some loved planet, from our sight;
And, save the ties,
That not e'en destiny itself can sever,
A feeble reminiscence, or a name,
Be all thou leav'st us of thee 'neath the skies—
Or some rude stone, perhaps, to greet our eyes,
And, with its speechless eloquence proclaim,
"Here lies
Another victim to thy love, O Fame!"

Philada. June 14th, 1836.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

HOURS OF IDLENESS.—No. II.

Hæc studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis solatium et perfugium præbent; delectant domi, non impediunt foris; pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.—TULLY.

In the pursuit of literature, there is something truly fascinating. To cull the gay flowers of fiction, and imbibe the impassioned language of poetry, charms and elevates the mind. To catch the breath of genius as it gushes forth in all its power, and to watch the play of the imagination, is a delightful task. But when this genius is the production of our own clime, fostered by our care, and brought to light by our exertions, and when this imagination is engaged in pourtraying the scenery of our native land, its beautiful lakes, rivers, mountains and valleys, there is a tinge of patriotism blended with the pleasure—we feel proud that America has produced men of genius.

When our forefathers threw off the yoke, which the tyranny of the Mother Country had imposed upon them, they did not, at the same time, free themselves from all the sentiments and opinions which there prevailed. And it was not natural. It is difficult to wean the mind from long established habits. They felt for Great Britain a filial regard; they were accustomed to look up to her for protection and support: and when they found hatred assuming the place of love, and tyranny, that of protection, they did rend asunder the tie which united them, but it was with a sorrowful heart—it was like raising the arm against a beloved parent. Although after they became free, they no longer looked to her for assistance, protection or support, yet they were entirely dependent on her for intellectual sustenance. Literary works in America were scarce. The genius and intellect, which were soon to shine forth, and dazzle the world, were in embryo; and, alas! for the spirit of the times, when they did shine forth, they received at first, little encouragement. What was once the result of necessity, had now become agreeable. As well as to the writings, they became also attached to the writers, of Great Britain, whose histories seemed to be interwoven with their own. No work, which did not bear upon it the appearance of a transatlantic journey, would suit the taste of our progenitors; and the greater the distance beyond, the greater the pleasure. But that time is passed. We are disenthralled from mental dependence on Europe: the present generation does full justice to native talent: American works are read with the greatest avidity. The sons of genius no longer issue their penny pieces from garrets and cellars; but pour forth their eloquent strains from the mansion of the rich, the elegant, the learned and the refined, where they are welcomed and caressed according to their merit. And why should it be otherwise? Can there be anything in our government unfavourable for the development of Genius? Can it not soar as high, free and unfettered, as when the chains of ignorance or despotism are around it? Nursed amidst the grandest exhibitions of nature, bred among a people, skilled and energetic, and free as the very gales of Heaven, we are surprised that it did not sooner take its flight. But it did at length spring up, and the united acclamations of a nation bore testimony to its success.

The distinguished honour of being the first in this hitherto untrodden path of intellectual labour, was reserved for Washington Irving. He is, emphatically, the founder of a new school. Possessing talents of the highest order, a chaste imagination, unbounded wit and humour, his appearance was hailed as a new era in the literary world. We do not say that Mr. Irving, is the first or greatest writer that ever appeared in our country. Our pilgrim fathers were able writers, but of a different stamp. Washington Irving's writings are purely literary, without the least tincture of politics, philosophy, or metaphysics. His aim is to please and to delight. His first work, "Salmagundi," bears upon it the appearance of great humour. It was intended as a satire upon the weak points in our government, and though written with point and energy, is perfectly harmless. The history of New York, is the most perfect work of the kind in existence. The author seizes upon a trivial and unimportant incident of real history, and dresses it up in a garb of fictitious and burlesque gravity. He wears the mask so well, that were it not for the frequent bursts of humour, we would be inclined to think him in earnest. The style of this work, as his style in general, is peculiarly graceful and easy. These works were written before his journey to England: after his return he published the "Alhambra," the "Conquest of Grenada," the "Travelling Bachelor," besides many others, all bearing the impress of genius. Washington Irving is certainly the first literary writer of the present day. Other writers may arise, and soar a still loftier flight than he has done. This may happen; but if it should, still he may assume the proud device, "*Primus ego in patriam.*"

The writer that comes next on the roll of fame is Cooper. And here we have a model of an elegant and cultivated genius. Cooper's renown as a writer is owing to his bold invention. Possessing great genius, an imagination unchastened by "the sober realities of life," he invents and combines characters and images that fire the mind, as it were by a spell. Whether he paints the western forest, and its lordly masters; or the ocean, peopled with living beings, he is equally successful.

"For there's a story in every breeze,
And a picture in every wave."

Among the great number of literary writers, who have lately sprung up, we are glad to find many females. To woman belongs every thing elegant and refined. It is her lot to soothe man in his roughest hour; and to arouse every magnanimous sentiment of his soul. Miss Sedgwick is considered the ablest female literary writer of our country. Her writings are distinguished for their good sense and practical utility. Her's is not the sickly imagination of a sentimental fine lady, but the well regulated impulse of a powerful mind. We are pleased to find a spirit of morality breathing through all her works. They are intended for improvement and instruction; and cannot be studied too much by the young, upon whose minds they will not fail to exert a salutary influence.

This is the land, a land of learning and refinement, we have here also a Temple dedicated to the muses; and many bring their offerings. Upon Bryant, the eloquent bard, the Goddess seems oftenest to have smiled. His is that lofty aspiration, that yearning of the soul, that rich flow of thought, which immortalizes a Poet's name. He writes not to dazzle the mind, to vitiate the taste, or to corrupt the judgment; but to instruct, to refine, and to ennoble. He endeavours to touch the secret springs of men's actions: to awaken them to a sense of their duty towards each other, and to their God. This is his aim; and this is the aim of every true Poet. If he cannot instil a single noble sentiment, if he cannot make men wiser or better, his gift is vain.

MIRZA.

From the Portland Advertiser.

BROOKS' LETTERS.

No. LXV.

BOLOGNA, Oct. 2, 1835.

Bologna is another of those cities of the middle ages, which records the brilliant triumphs of Republican principles, not only in that elevation of sentiment which Liberty imparts to a people, but a triumph of trade and manufactures, and even of high and exalting art and science. The history of Bologna from the past even to the present is a history triumphant in proclaiming that under a free government, the people are the happiest and the most enterprising,—a position not often denied even here, but adding also, that under such a government science advances more rapidly, and arts more splendidly than under the richest patronage of an aristocracy or monarchy. But though Bologna is a city of the middle ages, yet it is not a city of the dead or the dying as Ferrara is. There is life and soul in it even now. Its heart beats, and its pulse is quick;—and though Austria even here under the sanction of the Pope has its Huns, and its corps of myrmidon Swiss, and though every day the bayonet of the one flashes in the streets, and the rumbling cannon of the other is rolled over its pavements, yet there is at this hour the material of Revolution all alive here, ready to be fanned even to blaze. The people are unlike the other Italians whom I have seen. By their very insolence they seem to make themselves respected and feared. Here they think, and speak what they please growling at the soldiery as they parade, and telling you publicly what they think of their masters, and how they will serve them, if Providence ever sends the proper time. Their Police, notwithstanding it is often cruelly rigid with strangers, and has within my observation, refused a Swiss his passport for Rome, for no other reason than that he was a Swiss, yet suffers this insolence on the part of the Bolognese, leaving them a liberty of evaporating their bile by grumbling, but parading the Austrians and mercenary Swiss often enough in the streets to show them that grumbling is the only liberty they have. The Pope has found that the Bolognese are too unmanageable for him and his beggarly troops, and he is, therefore heartily glad that Austria has relieved him from the burthen, and secured the fidelity of his subjects. Certain I am it would cost no trouble at all to make a Revolution here, for the discontent is universal, and the hatred of Rome and Vienna is expressed in every quarter. The Bolognese sit uneasily under their chains.

Bologna is full of interesting objects of art, and here upon the threshold of the Papal States I should be glad to stop and study its arts as a preparation to enjoy the Vatican and the Capitol, if I did not fear that the Cholera might reach here before I can, and thus shut me out from a visit to that city upon which my whole heart is now fixed. The rapid view I have taken must confine me to a description as rapid as the view. I will then pass over its two hundred churches almost all rich with paintings—men of New England boast not of the number of your churches now, when here in a city of only 60 or 70 inhabitants there are two hundred of them—remarking only that those of St. Petronius and St. Dominic are the most interesting from their historical associations, the first being the one where the famous meridian of Cassini was traced upon the pavement in 1655, and where Charles the V. was crowned by Clement the VII. and the other, for the beautiful shrine of St. Dominic, the founder of the Dominicans, and for the Paradise of Guido, one of his most remarkable compositions in Fresco. In a city, however, which gave birth to Guido, Domenichino, Albano, and the three Caracci it is unnecessary to hunt much in order to find beautiful tablets. The master-pieces of all these artists indeed are to be found within these churches, the palaces, or the galleries of Bologna. Here for the first time I saw a Guido, that Homer of the Painters, simple, grand and pathetic in the "Murder of Innocents," where for the first time too I felt what a poem might be written with colors upon canvass as well as printed upon paper. Domenichino appears too in all his genius, in his allegorical picture of *Rosario*, where though less simple, less austere, less sublime than the great Guido, he is not less beautiful nor less interesting. Such beautiful Virgins do these masters paint here, that I am hardly surprised that the Catholics gaze upon and hang over their divine faces, absorbed in such deep admiration of the painter that they at last believe this beautiful creation to be the Mother of Jesus herself. How the canvass can speak, how genius can make even colors touch the heart, what words there are even in painted pantomime is an ever recurring feeling that I have as I go into the galleries and the palaces of the city!

The *Academia delle belle Arti* is the richest collection of paintings in Bologna, perhaps for its number the choicest in the world, and yet that number is about two hundred and fifty. The master pieces of Guido Reni are there, as I have said,—engravings from which are seen the world over, and the copies of which are from all countries but—ours. Domenichino's Martyrdom of St. Agnese, the Madonna in glory and the Madonna del Rosario, are also there. The Caracci figure in some excellent pieces, and so do Guercino and Parmigianino. The jewel of the gallery, however, is said to be the St. Cecilia of Raphael the Saint being represented as listening to a choir of angels, and surrounded by St. John, St. Paul, the Evangelist, St. Augustin (I never heard of him) and the Magdalene. Volumes have been written upon this picture. It is said to have changed the whole character of the art—to have drawn from the canvass the lifeless, and gilted forms of Cimabue and Giotto, and to have replaced them with the animation, beauty and soul that distinguished the great masters that followed after it. Winkelman, the learned commentator of prose and poetry upon the single arm, even upon the single finger of a statue, has especially dwelt upon this painting with a learning far above my comprehension. It is in this gallery that the traveller who comes the route I have taken, finds recorded as it were the history of the art. The opening room of the gallery is covered with the works of the early painters, who revived the art, if we may credit the historians, once so famous in Greece and Rome,—and we trace its progress here, from Giotto even to the present day, though no great progress can be seen, it is true, since Guido and Domenichino and Raphael burst forth upon the world in such resplendent genius.

Witnessing the ardent study that very many young men were making of the great works of those masters, I could not but feel a wish that some of my own countrymen were of the number! What reason is there, that our countrymen in the arts should be almost a blank? We have had reason, heretofore, it is true, in our poverty, in the necessity too of seeking the useful before we thought of the beautiful:—but that day is now gone by. But few countries at the present moment are richer than ours. Italy is not so rich in active wealth,—none is so prosperous: and for this reason, therefore, it is time to adorn the *Useful* with the *Beautiful*, to mingle the one with the other, and to begin to claim for ourselves that love for, that eminence in even the arts, which have in all by-gone days distinguished all republics—none ever more promising than ours. But who, perhaps, you demand is to take the lead in this magnificent reformation?—Who is to provide the money and the men? Congress, it is certain, will never move but to a partial extent. The habits of the members will never lead them to the cultivation of the arts. They are not perhaps to be blamed, for coming from the various ends of so wide an empire, they cannot have an opportunity to foster that taste, and to create that enthusiasm that others have with better opportunities, who upon the little galleries of our sea board cities often see something that approximates to the beauty we see here. Besides, the members of Congress are often afraid to do what their hearts would prompt them. Many of them are content to be led, and never think of leading. The securing of their own re-election is never to happen by the expenditure of money for the patronage of the arts; and unhappily it is so—that politics and literature, science and the arts are not associated together with us, as they almost always are in Europe, but are often made irreconcilable enemies. We have no nobles by "the grace of God," and blessed be heaven that it is so;—but we have a princely race of men who are to take their place, but in only the doing of their good. Our merchants are our princes, as in Venice and Genoa of old. They have the money of the country. They have its resources in their hands. The wide world is the sphere in which they act.—The ocean even, is but their grand highway. Their enterprise is now the admiration of all mankind. The Rail Roads they have made, the canals they have cut, the beautiful ships of theirs which throng the ports of all the civilized world, have given them a character as exalted as *merchants* can aspire to. But one other field of ambition have they then in which to crown themselves with princely honors,—to rank themselves side by side with the high born nobles of the European world, and that is in the PATRONAGE OF THE ARTS. It is their duty as it is their glory. They alone can do it.—They alone have the means. They alone have the liberality. Upon them rest our hopes and expectations. What the Venetian merchants did for Venice, they must do for us; and if they will but imitate the bright example, the republican cities of the United States will soon be as brilliant as the proud republic of Venice. Let them unite together for this purpose. Boston ought to send at least ten of its young artists to Europe and pay their bills. New York could send twenty—Philadelphia fifteen—Baltimore ten,—and what would be the expense? Not eight hundred dollars a year for each—hardly five hundred in Bologna;—and all the subscribers to such a scheme as would confer immortal honor upon its projectors, could be amply compensated by the copies of the great paintings of the day, which they might justly demand from the young men whom they sent out, as the recompense for the money advanced. Or out of these copies a public gallery may be formed, and thus we could see in America what Europe thinks as much of as we think of the Iliad of Homer or the Æneid of Virgil, or the Divine Comedie of Dante. In a republic like ours we should shine in the *Beautiful* as we do in the *Useful*. The highest efforts of intellect, with the tongue, the pen, the pencil and the chisel, are not incompatible with the greatest simplicity of manners, and the greatest equality of condition. While every American should even with the vengeance of a radical, cry down the incipient social aristocracy that is springing up—while he should abhor and denounce the importation of European principles and fashions even with fanaticism—yet he should insist at the same time upon the cultivation and introduction of whatever advances us as men,—whatever adorns the intellect, or exalts the sentiment—whatever links itself in with, and purifies the tender associations of the heart, whether it be of Religion of Poetry, of Painting or of Sculpture. The whole intellect of our great country at the present moment, is absorbed in the *Useful*. *Utility* is the Juggernaut riding over every thing else. The *Beautiful* is trodden under foot. *Intellect* is even chained in drudgery, the car. *Virtue*—*Religion* too, are in danger of becoming its victims. It is time then to cry for a change, to turn the crowd, to insist upon the alliance of the two, which alone can make a people good and great. The merchants of our great cities, whom commerce with the world has liberalized, and who can afford to be liberal too, are the men who must make the change.

I come back now to Bologna. My thoughts often run away with my pen, and carry it upon home and indeed I should do but little service in giving you but a catalogue of things here, if I did not select of the beautiful what I thought worth imitation, and of the bad what I thought worth condemnation. If a wall of fire was between us and Europe perhaps it would be well, for it may be that we copy more of the bad than the good. But as it is easy to copy what is mischievous, we must insist now upon introducing what is beneficial, to counteract one with the other. Europe is full of instruction for us, though we do falsely flatter ourselves that we are the wisest people in the world, and every lesson we study whether to follow or to shun it, will do us a service. What this view, I am ever making comparisons, illustrations, and references,—and if they occur too often, or are too impertinent, or too assuming, the only excuse I can offer is, an over anxiety that I may feel to do good to a land made dearer to me every step I take from it. If other Americans who have been here, had from any connection with the press, been induced to do the like, I would not trouble you with a thought out of the range of my journey.

But—I do now come back to Bologna, to go on with my catalogue only. Bologna has its palaces as well as other Italian cities, and many of them are worth visiting for the beauty of the paintings within them. The subjects that the painters have selected there, are oftener classical than religious, and therefore more interesting to me, for I am already weary of Saints, Madonnas, Magdalens, "the Cross," Angels, "the infant Jesus" and myriads of the like, upon which Italian painters have exhausted all their efforts to decorate the churches. In one of these palaces that we visited, a little girl of about seven or eight years, acted as our guide pointing out with astonishing skill what was most beautiful in the frescoes, or the paintings and telling us all about the men who painted them with a vivacity that interested us deeply. But this is not so very remarkable in a city, where the chairs of the University have been filled by female Professors, who were Professors of Greek, and of physic—lectures in anatomical preparations in the University here, famous for their execution, were the work of a woman. To this day women attend the lectures upon these preparations, under the cover of a mask, however, as they attend a ball. Bologna indeed has been the residence of many remarkable women, one among whom was renowned for her thesis in Latin, in which she attempted to prove that the first fault was committed by Adam, and not by Eve who was the seduced and not the seducer—on which account, to show the contempt of the sex, she would never marry, but as others have said, *because* she could not, as she was hideously ugly!

The University of Bologna was once among the most famous of the world, with its 6,000 students, and seventy-two professors; but with the loss of its liberty, the University lost its splendor. It is great, however, even to this day, and it is said to be an excellent place for the education of young men. Indeed, Bologna is one of the best places in the world for a father to educate his children in, as masters speaking all the European languages can be obtained, as it is the cheapest of the Italian cities to live in, and its good society is said to be among the best. Rents are cheap. Provisions are cheap. Every thing is cheap, even as it is with us in our smaller cities and towns. And then Bologna is a pretty city too. The theatre is one of the largest in Italy. The buildings are beautifully built. Almost the whole of the city has magnificent arcades over its side-walks sheltering the promenades from the sun and the rain. These, undoubtedly, are the fruits of its republican liberty, when the man on foot was thought as much of as the man in his carriage. The Fountain of Neptune in the great square of the city, is one of its most remarkable ornaments. The raging ocean god is here displayed in all his majesty. Syrens and dolphins are subject to the sway of his trident.

But yet more remarkable than this are the two great leaning towers of the city, both built between 1110 and 1120, one being about 140 feet high and nearly nine feet out of the perpendicular, and the other about 330 feet high, and two feet and a half out of the perpendicular.—They are both of brick and square in form, and have a frightful look as they threaten to tumble on every passerby. But yet more curious than even this, is a range of arcades not less than three English miles in length, connecting with the Church of St. Luke on the summit of a mountain of the Appenines! The arches are 640, the steps 514 with fifteen lateral chapels, each painted with some incident in the life of the Virgin. The expenses must have been enormous for the Arcades even, to say nothing of the Church, which was forty years in building. The reason of this singular structure is, that in the Church there is an effigy of the Virgin, said to be painted by St. Luke, which effigy a Grecian monk found in the Church of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, with an inscription on it, commanding him to carry it to the Monte della Guardia, there to be placed upon the altar in the Church of St. Luke. To find this mountain, the monk walked over almost all the Christian world before he could learn that it was near Bologna. But when he found it, the image was received with enthusiasm, and in solemn procession placed upon the mount. Its worshippers multiplied, but access to it was difficult at such a distance and on such a mount, and in order to remedy this evil, the Priests stimulated the people to make it accessible by the series of arcades of which I have spoken. A splendid church was built for the reception of the effigy, whose remains it is said, are valuable even to this day in bringing on, or in stopping the rains. Where the Grecian monk placed it they keep it to this day, and though it would have been easier to have brought it to the city than it has been to bring the city to that, yet that would have been violating the command the monk saw on the inscription.

B.

No. LXVI.

ANCONA, October 6th, 1835.

We left Bologna on the morning of the 3d, in a vetturino for Ancona, which is the chief papal commercial city on the Adriatic, and which is on the usual route that travellers take to the Ionian islands and to Greece—a steamboat running thence once a month to Corfu. The vetturinos travel thirty to fifty miles a day according to circumstances, and our hour of starting was long before day-light, sometimes being awakened as early as two o'clock in the morning, and never later than four. The price we gave for a journey was ten Roman scudi, without the *buona mano*, which is about a scudo more as a customary gratuity: for these eleven American dollars, we rode three days, were found in three excellent dinners with wine, and two beds each night. Our vetturino was conducted by three horses, and was large enough to carry six persons. The carriage was more comfortable and more beautiful than the common public coaches of America. Thus you see that vetturino travelling in Italy is as cheap as one can desire, though one may have some reasonable objections to starting at two o'clock in the morning, and to eat a hearty dinner just as one goes to bed, after a whole day's fast.

As we left the gate and walls of Bologna, which was no easy thing, for the peasantry were thronging around them, (kept in order by the military on horseback,) with their teams loaded with huge butts or pipes of wine on which a duty is to be paid, after our passports were signed with the permission to depart, we started upon the road that leads to Imola, once the *Forum Cornelii*, supposed to have been erected by Sylla. The town of Imola has risen on its ruins, and stands at the entrance of the rich and extensive plain of Lombardy on a branch of the river Vatrenus, now called the Santerno, which river the road crosses on a bridge, and then proceeds to Faenza, anciently *Faventia*, where Sylla obtained a victory over the adherents of Carbo. This town is of a square form, and its four principal streets are straight, and meet at the market place, which when we were there, was thronged with women vending on their little tables, all kinds of eatables, from bread and grapes even to hot boiled chesnuts, which seems to be a cheap and favorite food of the poor Italians. Women indeed are the chief traders out of doors here, and the most industrious part of the population, it seems. Faenza was our stopping place for four or five hours, while our horses were fed and kept housed during the heat of the day, and thus, though we had to visit every thing, yet in all my visitings I could not see that any thing was left of its famous earthen ware, to which it gave the name of *Faence*. *Forum Livii* (now shortened into, and called Forli,) was our sleeping place for the night. But a thunder storm, with a deluge of rain during the evening, prevented us from seeing what is said to be one of the handsomest squares in Italy, and we were off next morning long before any thing was visible. *Forum Popilii* (now called Forlimpopoli, was the most remarkable place near which we passed, but a castle and a few dwelling houses are now all that mark the site of this forum.—Cesena, the last town on the old *Via Æmilia*, which anciently belonged to Cisalpine Gaul, was the town where we spent our second noon day. It stands on the river Savio, now the Savio, and is approached by a superb modern bridge thrown on that river. The town contains near ten thousand inhabitants, a handsome fountain, and a colossal statue of the late Pius VI., who passed his novitiate here as a novice of the order of St. Benedict, in the church of the *Madonna del Fuoco*, or our 'lady of the fire.'

Near this Cesena, in the direction of Tavignano, anciently *Compitum*, the *Via Æmilia* crosses the Pisatello, a rivulet which has been called the Rubicon. That river which, till the reign of Augustus, formed the boundary of Cisalpine Gaul toward the southeast, discharges itself into the Adriatic on the road between Forlimpopoli and Ravenna. It is composed of several small streams which unite about one mile from the sea, and assumes the name of Fiumecino, the ancient *veritable* river that Cæsar crossed when he 'passed the Rubicon.' The famous march of Cæsar, when he made up his mind to violate the territories of the great republic of antiquity, interested me much in the whole of this region, all around which we had ample time to visit. The Rubicon is a river more widely known than even the Father of Waters with his stream of 4000 miles. But if the Pisatello is the Rubicon of antiquity, the little muddy Tiber which at times fre's and roars under the Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, is as great a river, and if it be the Fiumecino, the world can judge that even that is no great stream with such a diminutive Italian name. Brooks or creeks, we should call all these rivers in America. The interest attached to the river, however, is not fixed upon its magnitude or meanness, but when the great consequences of that act of Cæsar's when he deliberated with himself upon the narrow bank, what should be the fortune of Rome, and because it is the spot where, in carrying out his maxim of—'if justice is to be violated, let it be violated for the purpose of *reigning*,' he settled the destinies of the Roman republic, and virtually led to the enthroning of the Emperors. One of those mighty men who stand in history apart from others as if made of some diviner stuff, there felt striving wildly in his bosom *Justice* and *Ambition*. That high and noble nature that ever distinguishes exalted men made him tremble at the thought of violating the boundary line of his own country. The fearful consequences and the monstrous wrongs his foresight clearly showed him; but he acted at last, as every such man-hunter has acted, from the days of Nimrod to those of Napoleon. Ambition triumphed, and Patriotism fell. Washington alone of the men of the sword in a crisis like this, has disdained a crown. But the great and the base act of that wonderful man of antiquity upon this Rubicon, has given immortality and a boundless fame to a rivulet, and made it as important in history, as the Mississippi or the Amazon is in geography, though the students of the Past debate even in whole volumes upon its identity, and almost mystify its very existence. I have just been perusing a good sized book in Italian, which is chiefly confined to debating the question of 'which is the veritable Rubicon?' My guide to the spot, however, flippantly settled the question in a minute, and though he did not pretend to show me the foot-tracks of Cæsar, yet he showed me the very spot where he crossed! He was a Frenchman who was never heard to say, 'I do not know,' when you asked him about the Past.

Rimini was the second night's halting place of our Vetturino. The country through which we had been passing is called Romagna, of which Imola is on the northern confines. Corn, hemp, and flax fields, with abounding vineyards skirted the road on which was our first day's ride, and on the other side were cottages and farms. From Cesena to Forli, the scene was delightful, with lovely plains about us, and the Apennines on our right.—Cesena was long governed during the middle ages by petty military chiefs, but the last of its sovereigns bequeathed the city by will to the Roman See.—But now in all of these cities, in the whole of Romagna even, there is the utmost contempt for the Papal government, and the utmost hatred of the Austrians, whose troops are ever encamped as far as this road on the walls of Forli. Forli indeed, is said to be daily in a state of rebellion, and if it were not for the Austrian troops, the rebellion now invisible, would soon be so strong and so proud as to sever all Romagna from Rome, so far off over the Appennines. Rimini was the *Ariminum* of the Romans, originally an Umbrian town, but when colonized by the Romans it became the key of Italy on the eastern coast. The sea, however, has now retired so far from the coast that the ancient port of Ariminum is traced with difficulty, but its marble ornaments embellish several of the churches in the modern town. Thus is ended the commercial importance of the city, of the possession of whose port Cæsar thought so much. But the interest attached to the city is far from being ended with its importance in the geography of the day. It is one of those old interesting cities of Italy that are old enough to have no antiquities, as it were; for with the ruins of the triumphal arch of Augustus adorning its Porta Romana, are numerous fabrics of the warlike Chiefs Malatestas, whose bloody swords were brandished against the Turks as well as the Romans; fabrics, churches, castles, and citadels of Istrian marble whose mingled architecture of the East and the Present tells the ages of which they were, and thus link one era in the history of man with another. Again, this is the scene of that famous Episode in Dante's Inferno, where he and Virgil encounter among the shades of Semiramis, Dido and Cleopatra, ever beaten by storms, the unhappy Francesca da Rimini, who so tenderly, in the misery of Hell, describes to them the love of the happy days on earth—an episode as famous with the readers of Dante as is the monologue, "*to be or not to be*," of Shakespeare. Pellico also has written a tragedy upon this same theme, and laid the scene in this city. But there was something to see of the living as well as of the dead, the evening I was in Rimini, for the whole population in one grand mass, with all the Priests of the city at its head, were turned out, making a grand procession in the streets, with candles and images varying from the full sized figure of our Saviour to the little fac simile ones of the protecting saints of the city,—the Priests chanting and praying, and the multitude loudly responding, each and all invoking the high Powers of Heaven to turn the cholera from their city, and from the states of God's vicegerent upon earth. I joined in the prayer with my whole heart and willingly bowed and kneeled with the multitude, for what stranger would stand when thousands were kneeling in the streets all around him?—but probably my prayers sprung from different impulses than theirs, as the quarantine are much more frightful in Italy to me, than the pestilence is to them. Never, however, did I witness a more solemn procession. The response of the crowds to the prayers of the Priests was loud, and hearty and sincere. The windows of all the houses by which the procession passed, were decorated. The sonorous bells of a Catholic city were quickly ringing. The churches were all illuminated within on every altar, and on every candelabra. "The cholera will not come," said a sincere Catholic, when the services were over,—and though in this part of Italy I have more faith in cleaning than in praying, so dirty are the towns in general, yet I hope that the Virgin and the saints will listen to such earnest prayers. I am deeply interested in it, for if a cordon was drawn around me as it is around Tuscany at the present moment, there would be no such thing as getting out of the Papal states. Such a sensation in a strange land is the time of a double pestilence of a quarantine and cholera, is one of the most disagreeable that can affect a traveller.

Not far from Rimini upon a high and steep hill, among savage rocks, overlooking the despotism and slavery of men all around—there firmly and proudly enthroned sits a little republic of an age of thirteen hundred years—one of the oldest, if not the oldest governments of the world; but alas! "the *last of all the Romans*,"—the *last* of those glorious republics that once dotted and sparkled upon all the Italian plains! Liberty, that inspiring word, when no longer heard in the Roman Forum, and no longer fought for on the isles of Venice, when the very whisper of it was death upon the banks of the Arno, even then found a refuge in the forbidding cliffs that overlook the Adriatic, and proudly blazoned upon the portals of SAN MARINO.

The oldest Republicans of the world are there in one little town, as some proud Eagle in her sky-built eyrie. The waves of despotism have for ages beat against this rock, but have never over topped its summit. The invading armies of Romagna, the Hun, the Austrian, and the Frank, have never clambered up its sides. Even the "thunderer of the earth," as the French once styled the last man-conqueror of theirs, who by the noise and confusion he made well deserved the name, hurled no bolts of wrath against this little Republic, resting in the very heart of his achievements. Even when flushed with triumphs, and seizing every thing for himself and France, with his own hand, he complimented the little miracle of a government, and promised it an increase of territory, which the people had the wisdom to refuse, with thanks for the offer, but with the avowal that they had no ambition to aggrandize their territory, and thus to compromit their liberties. Even despots then, and the subjects of despots respect a government thus consecrated by age, and the interest of an American is redoubled, upon seeing this little *fac simile* of his own far-off land; upon feeling, as it were, the pulse of a people, whose sympathies are in unity with his. The little heart that is beating here upon the rock of San Marino is in the new world, sending life-blood through ten thousand mighty veins, and flushing with its health the broad spread surface of a country that reaches from the sea-wrought battlements of the Bay of Fundy to the sands of Mexico:—and though the hope is wild, yet it will spring up—that the humble work of the honest Dalmatian mason who, flying from persecution, founded his city upon the Titan's mount, may become what the like government was that arose on the Palatine Hill, and stretched at last from Scotia to the Euphrates, or like that nobler empire of those wandering pilgrims who first landed on the rock of Plymouth. It would thrice save the world, and thrice redeem it from its indifference, if but the principles and the purity of Marino's Republic could be made to survive.

B.

LOVE AND LAW.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

What benefit can children be
But charges and disobedience? What's the
Love they render, at one and twenty years?

"I won't! I won't! I won't! I tell you, and it's no use talking. He's an impudent, obstinate blockhead, and I'll kick him out, just so sure as he darkens my door again!"

"But father!"

"But what?"

"You know it is not a twelvemonth, since he saved your house—"

"No such thing! no such thing! Every thing was doing well enough! every body was running with water, as fast as they could, and I was directing 'em, and up comes Mr. Burnet, on a walk. *He* wouldn't run, if the town was afire. 'Gentlemen' says he, as if that was a time for compliment—and they all minded him, without taking any more notice of me, than if I was ravin' mad. He stopped 'em all from running too, as well as himself, and planted 'em all along in rows, like Indian corn—and—"

"Saved your house by his coolness, method, and regularity."

"Coolness be d—d! Coolness at a fire, to be sure! A pretty pass we have come to, when a man sixty years old, who has been selectman ten years, and representative twice, is to be slighted for a chicken who has not moulted his first coat of feathers! As if a man had no interest in his own affairs, and could not have his say, when his own house was burning!"

"You owe the preservation of your house to the chicken, nevertheless."

"No such thing! no such thing! And if I do, I had rather it had burned down, than that he should have the chance to boast that he has. And you eternally throwing it in my teeth—I'll set fire to it myself—I'll be hanged if I don't!"

"You'll be hanged if you do, father, and that would be very unpleasant to every body except your friend, Mr. Giles."

"And you—you'd be glad of it, too. I should be out of the way then, and you might marry the pettifogging scoundrel!"

"You know he hates litigation. *Pettifogging* indeed! Did he not settle your mill-stream suit against Giles, without inflicting upon you the irritation, delay, and cost of a trial?"

"There you come again. I wish he had been drowned in the stream, before he made the settlement. I hate Giles—and meant to ruin him. You knew it—and Burnet knew it."

"He recovered the damages you claimed."

"A fig for the damages! I told him to chase Giles—to hunt him to the poor house;—and what does he do but persuade the scamp to settle, without so much as saying 'sheriff' to him. If he saved me costs, he saved *him* too,—when I would willingly have thrown away five thousand dollars, to see Giles at work on the road."

"Two thousand in hand, is better than seven thrown away."

"I dare say, I dare say. So you think—you expect that you and Mr. Burnet will be a thousand better off. But you shan't; I'll disinherit you—I'll make my will—I'll make it to-day—I'll make it now."

"Shall I send John for Mr. Burnet, father? You must have a lawyer, you know."

This was the climax. Mary Williams had vexed her father to the utmost safe extremity. She left the room, making a provokingly dutiful "curtsy" at the door. The old man paced the floor, in an agony of vexation.

"I'll disown her, and adopt Black Sal, the kitchen girl—I'll disinherit her, and give my property to the Colonization Society—I'll never speak to her again—I'll turn her out of doors—I'll go this very instant and tell her—"

"To roast that pair of chickens, or boil them, papa?"

Mary *was* pretty—and the old man was partially disarmed by the smiling phiz she thrust in at the door;—appeased in spite of himself, for he was proud of his daughter.

"Boil them, Mary. I won't, till after dinner."

"Won't what, father?"

"Begone! you undutiful huzzy."

If the reader is a daughter, I need not tell her that Mary had overheard every word of her father's angry soliloquy,—If he be a father, I need not tell him, that, although the old gentleman tried to persuade himself he was in earnest, his threats were quite as likely to be put into execution, as the comet is to brush away this world of ours. And Mary knew it. Such skirmishes between the father and daughter were diurnally repeated—things of course, like the encounters between Commodore Trunnion and Tom Pipes. There was however, this difference,—the ex-nautical belligerents sparred in public—Old Williams and his daughter held their discussions in private. We cannot commend the conduct of Mary in thus harassing her father,—but if good ever came out of evil, it certainly did in these domestic differences. As a thunder storm clears and purifies the atmosphere, so the air of their afternoon and evening fire-sides was materially improved by the storms of the morning. The old gentleman sallied out, after giving Mary the last word, which, unlike a majority of her sex, she always allowed him, and was invariably in good humour at dinner time. The motto of the afternoon, in reference to the altercation of the morning, was

Oh no! we never mention it—

And Father Williams suffered himself to be read peaceably to sleep in his arm-chair. If, upon waking, he should even discover Burnet in the room—a thing, by the way, of no unfrequent occurrence—the placid feelings which await upon temperance and a good digestion, had hitherto made him civil to his daughter's guest,—or at least reserve his wrath, to be poured upon Mary's head next day. And like a dutiful daughter, we have seen how she endured her parent's wayward humours. Her mother had been dead for years, and, but for the manner in which Mary filled her place in vexing her father, she would, long before, have been an orphan. True it was, she was more than a daughter to him, compelling him to forget, while she tormented him, that the old butt of his caprices, his wife, was silent.

[illegible]

Mercy, who is always ready to temper the severity of Justice, brought a shower of tears to her relief, and Mary wept herself to sleep.

Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor lawyers mad.

"Morning her sweets was flinging,"—but in the distribution she certainly forgot to be impartial. The vinegar aspect of Timothy Burnet, Esq. as he sat in his office, or the morning succeeding the ejectment from Old Williams's premises, was proof positive, that he, at least, had been neglected by Madam Aurora, in her dispensation of "sweets."

[illegible]

ting mere *sounds* through fifty languages, even if I could learn as many!

Here the governor paused a moment, though not without a little red on his cheeks, for having only a minute before put Ben and chapter X. of Nehemiah so close together. However, catching a new idea he took another start:—

"Well, but, my dear sir, you certainly differ from the learned world, which is, you know, decidedly in favour of the languages?"

"I would not wish wantonly to differ from the learned world," said Ben, "especially when they maintain opinions that seem to me founded in truth.

[illegible]

Franklin and Gov. Burnet.

[illegible]

WOMAN'S FIDELITY.

[illegible]

Saturday Evening Post.

JUNE 25, 1836.

MAJOR GATES.

This officer who has won the good will and esteem of all who have served under him in the Florida Campaign, has by the Executive Government, without even so much as a trial been struck from the army list. The Court of Inquiry by him, most arbitrary powers, have incurred a great deal of justly merited odium.—The censure which they have conveyed upon a most deserving and distinguished officer is bad enough, but the manner in which the censure has been conveyed—the exparte statements that have labored to and not exaggerated to the major the at least moral right of defending himself, will not be approved of by any lover of justice or fair play throughout the States.

Major Gates has been addressed in consequence of the steps taken by several officers, who, highly excelling his station, beg of him to resign, that they are now greatly reduced for of bank to bring down their coal. The Miners Journal has been informed that the price has increased so rapidly that the supply or boats has not been able to keep pace with the increase. Our boat-builders are all full of employment. Most of them, we understand, have more than their hands full. Freights have advanced to one dollar and forty five cents per ton. Now is the harvest for the boat-men and boat-builders. Our shippers are under the necessity of despatching runners along the line of the canal—in order to secure ascending boats. A most rightful competition prevails, night and day, to secure a load that our distant friends who are running boats, are so highly in assuming themselves of the present golden opportunity."

DEBATE ON THE DEPOSIT BILL.

From the Correspondent of the N. Y. Com. Adv.

"WASHINGTON, June 20.

"A split in the Van Buren camp—Benton cast down—Rives and Talmadge for distinction."

"Yesterday was a memorable day in the Senate. The reign of the party of which Gen. Cotton's domination has departed from him. Mr. Van Buren and his dexterous lieutenant, Nine Wright, have been thoroughly beaten. I informed you that on Thursday, they had not ordered to a third reading, the bill reported by the select committee, which embraces provisions for the regulation of the deposites, and a manner which will, to some extent, demonit the control over the public money that has been heretofore possessed by those who, to use the emphatic language of Mr. Calhoun, are bought together by the collective power of the plunder of the public; and for the distribution among the States of the whole ever surplus should be in the treasury at the beginning of the year, over and above the sum total of dollars. This measure came up for final action to-day."

The passage of the bill, regulating the deposits—leaning them out among the States—through both Houses since ere this, it has no doubt passed the House, of Representatives, and probably by a large majority, as the vote underlying the bill to a third reading, would indicate, in a double triumph. It is a measure of peace and interests of the people, by thus distributing among the different states, a large fund to be used without interest—to be applied to purposes of Internal Improvement, the demands of Commerce, and the general increase and circulation of the capital, of the country. Its distribution among the different States will, we think, have a most favourable effect on the commerce and business of the country, and will not fail to be sensibly felt, in the opening of the business of the next season, if not by anticipation, at a much earlier period.

The views and policy of the Administration on this important matter of the public treasure, have undoubtedly been thwarted and sadly disappointed, and this after their most strenuous efforts and exertions, to sustain this their favourite project of keeping the public treasure, with its vast accumulation within the grasp, and directly under the control of "the party." The advantage of such an All, or Nothing system—in any war, and especially to those who are not particularly about the means, so the end can be secured, is easily understood. But neither the sophistries of Senator Wright, nor the mysticisms of Senator Benton, (never calculated to convince, in this case, were not even an far plausible as to permit the candied of their own party to adopt them. On the contrary, they have boldly took it upon him, to expose their fallacy and error, and himself and friends, at this point, at least, refused co-operation with the candidates of General Jackson and Mr. Van Buren. Several of the Jackson letter writers, who are on the spot, seem to regard this as treasonous; certainly it has proved most disastrous to the views of the Administration, in the particular case, and to what other measures the temporary secretion may be related, remains to be seen. It may be that Mr. Van Buren, whatever may have been General Jackson's experience in most cases, will not always find "a willing Senate at his levis."

It is still in the power, however, it must be borne in mind, of General Jackson, to effect the case of the tel-, to defeat the acts of the people's representatives, and to deprive them of the use of the public money, which is now locked up in the Deposite Banks. It remains to be seen whether he will venture upon such a course, and yet, what is there, he has not done? Governed and stimulated by his feelings, passions, or prejudices. Was it said seen in a very few days, and this important question will be decided.

The Washington Correspondent, of the United States Gazette, thus alludes to the debate:

"There has been a considerable excitement about the causes of the stand made by Mr. Rives and Mr. Tallmadge, against Mr. Benton, on Friday last during the debate on the bill, (passage) of the Deposit Bill. It has been sometimes said that few differences are long enough to be reconcile, than those between friends. I do not know whether that maxim can be truly applied in the present case. Probably not. At any rate, if the feelings are at war, policy may not just now permit an open declaration of it. If sarcasm, and keen sarcasm, be the weapons used in the encounter in the lesers which they strike and wound, were I am that Mr. Benton will carry in his breast a deep rankling that he will not heal for some time to come. Mr. Benton had certainly asserted that there could be no such thing as a surplus, that the whole would be swallowed up by the many claims to be made upon it by the public defence, &c. Mr. Rives met all these statements by an arithmetical calculation, the principle for the first quarter (said Mr. Rives) are 11 millions, taking round numbers—the receipts for the second quarter are 14 millions. Our exports 20 millions for the first six months. It is well known that the most heavy duties fall due in June, but if you only double the first quarter, it gives 40 millions for the year; add this to the 25 millions, it will make an aggregate of 65 millions. Mr. Rives said, he did not see how this sum could be used in the course of a year. It is possible (said he) that any gentleman can rise here, and say that we should double the receipts of 65 millions in any one year. When did any year's expenditures exceed 55 millions, save in a particular year, when the expenditure reached 34 millions? The Creek war had caused the first year in which large over the south west, in consequence of the conduct in Texas, has disappeared. Would any gentleman then say, that we could expend 65 millions? He revolted at the idea of such an expenditure, and the people would revolt at it.

After Mr. Rives had spoken for some time in a style of real eloquence, he sat down, and Mr. Tallmadge made a most excellent, a most able speech on the same side. He called on Mr. Benton to come down from his lofty flight of imagination, and to tread the path of common sense, and it was high time that the people knew *who were so fervent* of this dreamy pursuit of a gold currency, and he wished it to be proclaimed to the world, that he did not support any of the ideal notions of a gold currency, which had been projected by the Senator from Missouri, nor any of which were the overthrows of the credit system of the country. When the eloquent speeches of Mr. Rives and Mr. Talmadge, and a speech of Mr. Preston of Rhode Island, made in the 1 hour to-day, about members money from pet banks for speculative purposes, no which a committee is raised shall be published, the regency will look blue.

THE BILL TO DISTRIBUTE THE PUBLIC MONEY.

The National Intelligencer of Monday contains the bill to regulate the Deposites of the Public Money, as it passed the Senate on Thursday last. It is unnecessary to give it at length, as we fear it will not become a law. The first section prescribes it as a duty for the Secretary of the Treasury to select, as soon as may be practicable, and employ as the depositories of the money of the United States, such of the Banks incorporated by the several States or Territories as may be located at, adjacent, or convenient to the points or places at which the revenues may be collected or disbursed. The second provides that nothing in the act shall be so construed as to prevent Congress at any time from passing any law for the removal of the public money from any of the said banks, or from changing the terms of the deposite, or prevent the said banks at any time from declining any trust to be by the deposited, or withdrawing money, upon paying over, or tendering to pay, the whole amount of public money in their hands according to the terms of the agreement with the said Secretary.

The third and fourth sections prescribe the terms on which the banks shall receive the public money. The fifth contains the most important sections.—*Press, Inquirer.*

Sec. 15. And be it further enacted, That the money which shall be in the Treasury of the United States on the first day of January, 1837, (not including the funds of the Post Office Department, the sum of five millions of dollars, shall be reserved in the Treasury, and the residue thereof shall, by their respective representation in the Senate and House of Representatives, be deposited by the Secretary of the Treasury with the several States, according to the ratio of representation which shall be in force at the said first day of January, one quarter part on the first day of April, one quarter part on the first day of July, and one quarter part on the first day of October, in the same year.

Sec. 15. And be it further enacted, That to enable the Secretary of the Treasury to carry into effect the provisions of this act, he be authorized to appoint three additional clerks for his department; the one at a salary of two thousand six hundred dollars per annum; and the remaining two at a salary of two thousand dollars each; and to pay the said clerks quarter-yearly, out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

SCIENTIFIC CORRESPONDENCE.

BUCKS COUNTY, March 28, 1836.

My Dear Friend,—I regretted much when a few days since in Philadelphia, that my visit was so limited as to preclude conversation on various points in which I feel a deep interest. The visit to the school of those young women was delightful. But the rules of propriety connected with which they were so polite as to present me, a stranger, with a book, (the Lyceum) of their performance, and skill in this profession, which I would be happy to transfer to some of our teachers.

I arrived just in time to attend our Lyceum—it was a meeting of uncommon interest. We had several *influential* visitors from Philadelphia, and from neighboring Lyceums, and I am happy to say satisfaction with our proceedings. I will give but a hasty sketch of some of the business done. Our correspondence with some hundred intelligent individuals had produced the effect of exciting the feel *culture*, and a friend in the city had related many more—besides presenting me with a series of letters written by an agent of the Philadelphia *bird society* in France, I also obtained from the same source a parcel of seeds of trees manufactured from the beet, and one quart of the seed of the Sweet potato of the Carolinas. This I distributed among our members recommending the use of the wood instead of coal, and the culture of that vegetable. A friend had also furnished me with a small quantity of the *Brahma* pot, which I distributed to the members present. The young gentleman who is so well versed in botanical pursuits, and who I alluded to before, presented the Lyceum with nearly a hundred species of the wood trees of this region, so as to exhibit at a glance the quality of the woods of the country. Our Lyceum is blessed with their botanic and common names, with great care and neatness. The labor independent of the pecuniary value of this present must have occupied days. A committee was forthwith appointed to procure similar collections in other Lyceums. The same individual furnished me with a beautiful specimen of the tobacco of the Union. The object was to obtain a collection of several varieties for *experiment and cultivation of species*. To-day answers to his interesting question a committee was appointed.

I exhibited a number of the vegetable impressions which Mr. Lea gave me when I visited him. I shall be very much disappointed if, in a short time, among a number of the schools, not unusual common for the schools in this neighborhood, I have not specimens of the fossil shells, &c. &c. and our Lyceum was informed of all the particulars relative to the manner of their discovery, and how readily the work might be done by very small children. This is but a meagre specimen of the interest of our meeting. I have yet not mention one incident—because it furnishes a good specimen of the talent and spirit of the of the Lyceum system. The skin of a large black snake was suspended in the room. A wag suggested the hint to my mind, to inquire how the animal was destroyed. Immediately the second boy less than ten years of age furnished a ready solution to the interesting question that he had all to seen the snake in the act.

I hope to see them in a few days at the Bucks County Lyceum. Thy friend, sincerely, &c.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The following comprehensive and just notice of the condition, resources, and prospects of this State, we have taken, by extracted from an address recently delivered by Joseph R. Ingersoll, Esq. before the Lyceum of Germantown.

How civil architecture stands pre-eminent—her moral architecture is a model for the world. —Her civil code stands second to none—Her standard of integrity is not low. Our credit is here on the wave and in the battle field sustained by the valor of the American flag—and among the brazen of the brave have exhibited Pennsylvania's sons, willing to risk and expend.

The physical advantages of our territory are unrivalled—in soil, climate, and mineral wealth. There is no one wealth in the bowels of her earth, then would buy any State in the Union—the mineral coal, iron, and limestone, are the great sources for industry, which will place us on a level with the most prosperous nations. Our canals and rail roads are testimonies of the wisdom, enterprise, and liberality of the people, and our commercial prosperity, great as it is, is yet in its earliest infancy.

The Grant Wars.—Perhaps the reader may discern in the following, a cause for the present difficulties with the hostile tribes of the Creek Indians.

Creek Indians.—The Uchees, (Lower Creeks,) are said to be in a seething condition. They have been prohibited from hunting on the Georgia side of the river. The game there are now all killed up, and they have become desperate. It is not supposed that they meditate war against the whites, but they will probably do much mischief in predatory excursions to satisfy their hunger. The intermixture of Indian tribes to lands is not yet concluded, and it is believed that is continuance is highly detrimental to the interests of all parties, as it holds out false hopes to the Indians of re-occupying their lands.—*Washington Mir. & Adv. Mag.*

All the large towns of England, unincorporated, are to receive charters.

BEAVER CITY.

An intelligent correspondent of the Western Argus is giving a course of lectures on the prospects and inevitable destinies of Beaver City.—His claims are strong, and his arguments convincing to unprejudiced minds, that Pittsburg will soon have a powerful rival to compete with for the trade of the "Ohio and Beautiful," the interest of his first No. appeared in this paper of the 11th inst. with an unlucky blunder appended to it, making a laudatory paragraph from the Pittsburg Advocate of a date in the month of Little Beaver Creek (or Run) 12 miles west of the Big Beaver, for a notice of Beaver City.

Now it is curious, that by some queer oblique*ity of vision, neither the papers or citizens of Pittsburg, can see Beaver*, they squint so shockingly. Any unprocessed, rail road, river, town, &c. in their neighbourhood are lauded vigorously, if not in that direction, or beyond it. They adopt the idea of one of their judges some years ago, whose attention being called to it as a location superior to that of Pittsburg, replied *"It is a clear case, and he has no say about it the better! We copy the sentiment.—Ed.*

To the Editor of the Western Argus.

In your last paper I promised to make it plain to the people of Beaver, that Beaver, must be the great battle for the trade of the mighty west, and that it would be fought at Beaver, and through your indulgence, I will endeavor to redeem my pledge. For many years past, the citizens of New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore have been carrying on a commercial warfare for the mastery of the rich prize. Erie, and soon, some one project has been started, by one or more of these rival commercial cities, and its appearance has accomplished the object, and produced a temporary advantage to the place. This has produced a counter plan from them, which has in turn, neutralized their efforts, and advantages have been sought after with assiduity by local positions, where the great commercial power must pass. The Hudson River was decided much labor and care. Cities, through this contest, have been created by these contending parties as by magic into existence. Witness Buffalo, Rochester, Utica, Pittsburg, Wheeling, and others. Works too, that stand as the proud monuments of the enterprise, have been built, Erie canal, works in fact, which have excited the wonder, and admiration of the whole civilized world, and drew it to one grand focus. Every thing from the Atlantic to the Lakes. Such are the great Pennsylvania improvements, of which any State, or nation in the world may be really proud. Such too is the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal and Rail Road. What mighty personal Wm. Penn had visited this land, decided? And yet sir, the constant equilibrium which has been maintained by these contending parties clearly shows, that as yet the fulcrum, where to lay the lever, that will move the commerce of the whole west, has not been discovered. The mouth of the Ohio, is nearer to your city than Portland was, than another on the Lake shore. From this point to Lake Erie is the most natural, and easy route to the Lakes; so that at present the Cleveland route has the most advantages from New York itself. Here then is the point where the battle for the trade of the west must be fought. Here is the Pittsburg canal, and rail road, and our Legislature has appropriated 200,000 dollars for the completion of the canal to the Rail Roads and Canals. Thirty miles of the canal, from the point to Erie, are already finished, and placed, which will move the commerce of the whole west. The Monongahela on the extreme northern bend

Philadelphia Prices Current.
FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE 24.
Corrected for the Saturday Price-list Post, by Kahn, T. Bedford, and Co. Importers, Commission Merchants, and General Brokers.

Ashes, pot	5 50	Sugar,	
pearl	5 50	do. N. York	07 50
Beeswax	22	do. Havana	07 50
Butter	12 18	Tallow	08
Candles, mould		Tobacco,	
dipped		Virginia fair	09 42
Cheese		do. leaf	10 12
Coffee, Rio	09	Spanish segars	3 50
Cotton,			
Upland, ord.	8 09		
do. fair	9 10		
do. good	10		
Florida, ord.	8 09		
do. fair	9 10		
do. good	10		
Domestic	10 13		
Flour,	10 13		
Genesee	10 13		
Brandywine	10 13		
Wheat, red	95		
white	1 02		
Rye	60		
Corn, yellow	60		
do. white	60		
Oats	30		
Cotton bags 2 cents lb.			
Bagging,			
Kentucky	19 20		
Tennessee	19		
Cordage,			
Manilla	12 19		
Cotton	12		
Hemp	10		
Copperas	1 62½		
Duck,			
Raven's	1 62½		
Flaxen	1 62½		
Hemp	1 62½		
Feathers	37 40		
Flax			
Hemp			
Iron, pig	34		
bar	4		
Lead, pig	5		
bar	6		
Molasses	30		
Nails, cut	4		
Oil, Linseed	1		
Spermaceti	1		
Whale	1		
Paints, white lead	10		
red lead	10		
Saltpetre	17		
Shot	6		
Steel, English	10		
German	10		
Spirits, brandy	1 25		
gin	1		
Jamaica spirits	1		
Molasses	1		
Wine, Madeira	1		
Lisbon	1		
Sherry	1		
Teneriffe	1		
Vitriol	1		
Whiskey	1		
Wool,			
Merino, full blood	60		
do. half blood	50		
Am. wash full blood	50		
do. half blood	45		
do. three fourths	40		
do. quarter	35		
do. common	30		
Pulled, lambs	45		
Superfine	40		
No. 1	35		
No. 2	30		
No. 3	25		
Foreign, full blood	50		
do. half	45		
do. three fourths	40		
do. common	30		

JOHNSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.
PHILADELPHIA.
Saturday, June 25, 1836.

NAVAL.

We are glad to perceive that a Bill has been reported in the House of Representatives, and is likely to be passed into a law this session that will cause an entire reorganization of our naval departments; this has been for some time wanted and long has it been a general complaint throughout the country. The present system is inadequate to the protection of our merchants, our commerce, rendered our paltry armaments for the purposes for which they should be made to answer, altogether farcical: but we believe that will be altered, and that a naval force, proportioned to our wants, will be established to protect our interests, should our interests require it.

NEW ORLEANS.

The New Orleans papers bring us word that the subscriptions towards establishing a line of packets between that city and Liverpool are not yet filled, whilst the subscriptions towards supporting an Italian Company are made with the utmost avidity—by which it would appear that the interests of the merchants were subservient to their pleasures.

The most interesting news however from that quarter, is a prospect that to drain the unhealthful and fever engendering swamps whose vapours producing fearful epidemics, annually carry off thousands of victims, a canal is about to be cut to fifteen families back of the city, which will also have the carrier who rides through return on account of the Indians where he can go. We have the na- Judge Strange's decision in the Carroll, that a number of Indian Reservations have been sold in the form of driving lots into the service of the Indians, as the troops from the Creek nation, the 4 thousand Creeks who emigrated to the west from Alabama, are about to locate themselves in the vicinity of the city—that a monument erected to perpetuate the projectors names would be but a just tribute to their services—that a subscription should be taken up as it ought to be, and that the present failure may quicken the company into renewed efforts to accomplish the good work.

THE CROPS.

There appears to be a general apprehension of a scarcity of crops, at the ensuing harvest. The wheat appears to have been generally destroyed by the last long and severe winter, and other grains exhibit a scanty appearance. Farmers should plant potatoes, more plentifully than ordinarily, because there is a considerable drag for many months past, as well as on account of the lightness of the grain crops. A correspondent of the Farmer's Journal, always planted a large quantity of potatoes, when they were very plentiful, on the ground, that they were particularly favourable for, and always obtained a good crop, and consequently never failed in season. The New Castle Gazette, thus alludes to the subject

A Hint to Farmers.—Having just returned from a visit to the lower part of our state, it is our duty to say to the farmers, that the wheat will be destroyed, not to doubt that it will be a failure to a great extent, in the lower part of the state. We would therefore recommend to Farmers, to plant largely of Potatoes, as the demand for them will be great, and also to sow three of four times the usual quantity of Buck Wheat, as that grain will be required to make up the deficiency in the wheat crop. We have been informed, that the Farmers intend to offer large premiums for the discovery of a method to prevent the ravages of the fly." It is possible that there may be some remedy for the evil, and a large premium would induce various experiments on the subject.

The knowledge of the true remedy for a deranged currency appears to be spreading, and the public mind bids fair to be speedily relieved from the delusion, that by specie paying banks are meant banks of issue, supported by prejudice and party rage. Merchants of all parties in New York, Providence, Boston, and Richmond, alarmed at the disastrous state of their exchanges, have urged the "Monster" to establish agencies among them. The existence of a Bank of Deposit, or a Branch with the greatest unanimity, and a branch has been accordingly extended to them. A memorial signed by about four hundred of the most respectable citizens of Beaver county (some of them most violent denunciators of the Bank a short time since) for the establishment of a Bank in that town was presented to the Bank on Monday last which will probably be favourably responded to in that quarter. Hitherto the Falls and Mouth of Beaver, will be an additional and a most valuable auxiliary to the natural advantages of that flourishing town.

U. S. BANK, of *Pennsylvania*.—We learn from the Richmond Whig, that a memorial extensively signed by the merchants and traders of Richmond, has been forwarded to the Directors of the U. S. Bank, in Philadelphia, soliciting or suggesting the establishment of an agency of the Bank in Richmond, similar to that recently established by request of the Boston merchants, in that city. The Whig thinks that if the memorial should be acceded to, it would be productive of much relief to Richmond, and of much importance to the state, whose agricultural produce must suffer greatly in price, from the inability of the Virginia State Banks to afford the usual business facilities. That paper, however, on what grounds we know not, deems it improbable that the U. S. Bank will accede to the application for an agency at Richmond.

A French paper calls attention to the fact, that in the month of August next, the city of Rome will number 2564 years since its foundation, all who outlive

We entirely agree with the views of the editor of the United States Gazette, touching the newspaper discussion that has been going on, in reference to Robinson's case, and in which the integrity of the Court, and fidelity of the Attorney General, have been freely canvassed, and, in some cases, baldly questioned. It cannot be justified on any ground. It is, in the first place, carried to the extent it has been, by some journals, a violation of law. Judge Peck, it will be recollected, imprisoned a member of the St. Louis bar, "for publishing strictures on his judicial decisions," and the Senate of the United States held the Judge unjustified in doing so. The publication was a "contempt of Court," and this doctrine of contempt of court, is not of modern origin, but has been law and reason ever since the common law has prevailed; and is founded, like other parts of that system, in wisdom and soundness.

What, for instance, would be the effect of a half dozen journals, daily engaging in discussing the facts given in evidence to the jury, in such a tone as their feelings or interests might dictate, and with such very inadequate means of judging of the correctness of the proceedings they would set in judgment upon?

Their partisan services might soon come to be as valuable to suitors, as they are known to be to politicians. The laws could never be well administered, in a community were constant assaults upon the court or its officers should succeed, as success might, in bringing the courts into disrepute with the people. For we know what the press is capable of, in this respect, when it would seek a bad conviction.

The decision of the judge, takes property from one man and gives it to another; deprives a citizen of his liberty, which they should be made to, altogether farcical: but we believe that will be altered, and that a naval force, proportioned to our wants, will be established to protect our interests, should our interests require it.

—THE CURRENCIES are being fixed by the people in Carroll, to Gen. Establishments on the from a great moderation of governments of the Clergy. volunteer companies consolidated on the Indians, and to the great relief of the country to the west of Tennessee. The command of the Creek nation, from Gen. W. G. Springer, Judge Strange's decision in the case of Paulding, whose movements that the whole is a matter of small alarm; that they are not likely to be disturbed by the Generals in any practicable.

Many attempts have been lately made to fetter families back to their old homes in the Creek nation, but 4 thousand Creeks who emigrated to the west from Alabama, are about to locate themselves in the vicinity—that a monument erected to perpetuate the projectors names would be but a just tribute to their services—that a subscription should be taken up as it ought to be, and that the present failure may quicken the company into renewed efforts to accomplish the good work.

THE DEPOSITORY.

Among the many admirable and eleemosynary, charitable, and other institutions of our fair city, the establishment of some measure to make up to the unfortunate their losses, or at least to smooth their burdens and smooth as far as may be the rugged path that misfortune or some of the casualties that have been heretofore incident to life, have become deserving patronage and support than the Depository.

It is situated in Chesnut street above Twelfth, and just in front of the Gothic Mansion. It was first established some four or five years since, by a small number of ladies, whose munificence is only equalled by their goodness; and was organized by appointing twelve managers, obtaining a large list of annual subscribers from among the ladies of the city at one dollar a year each; the fund to be appropriated to renting a building. We visited the establishment, and, supplying indigent but respectable ladies, those who may have known better days, with work; either by furnishing them with materials to be made by the society, or with such as might be received at the Depository to be made up, and the entire profits, deducting a small per centage to make up the deficiency in the wheat crop, for the employment of workwomen, to go to those engaged in the making or manufacture of the articles.

The advantages are that by this course the entire profits of their hour are secured to this most interesting but ill gifted class; and again that they are not driven to direct traffic, or shop gaining with the public, for which to most cases their habits and associations in life have probably little fitted them, and by a process, which half disarms in their case poverty of its sting, permits them to enjoy the fruits of their industry without either the mortification of soliciting work, or the notoriety that their changed fortunes require them to perform it. Nothing could have been more happily conceived, nothing *female taste and female delicacy*, could have devised any thing half so well.

The Depository ought to be patronized. It should become fashionable. It should be regarded a merit in our ladies to make up their wardrobes largely from its deposits. A notion could not but appear the more lovely, that the means resorted to for adornment had helped to place within the reach of some unfortunate widow, or orphaned daughter, some homeless child of want, the means of comfort and support. The motive to the purchase would beautify the article itself. The Bank of Pittsburgh has forwarded to the merchants and traders of Richmond, has been forwarded to the Directors of the U. S. Bank, in Philadelphia, soliciting or suggesting the establishment of an agency of the Bank in Richmond, similar to that recently established by request of the Boston merchants, in that city. The Whig thinks that if the memorial should be acceded to, it would be productive of much relief to Richmond, and of much importance to the state, whose agricultural produce must suffer greatly in price, from the inability of the Virginia State Banks to afford the usual business facilities. That paper, however, on what grounds we know not, deems it improbable that the U. S. Bank will accede to the application for an agency at Richmond.

THEATRICAL.

Madame Celeste has been playing during the week at the Chesnut street Theatre, a farce has been produced called The Wandering Minstrel—Burton is the hero of it, and is admirably suited with a new and choice comic character—Wallack introduces "My Pretty Jane" in it with great effect.

At the American Theatre Walnut street, Bonfella have been the order of the week—Conner the great favourite of the stock actors there, took his benefit on Monday, and produced a highly effective piece, since played, called the Drunkard's Last Sold—Miss Watkins took her benefit on Wednesday, a highly talented lady Miss Waring is, and merits all the applause she gets—Mrs. Wilkins is a good actress and unaffected acting always delights us has fixed her benefit for Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Terman who have been playing to excellent houses in Wilmington, have gone on to Canada—Jack Reeve is at the Park, New York, Hails at the Tremont, Boston, and Wallack, Jim Crow, and the Woods on the ocean.

The steamboat John Walker was blown up at Wilmington, N. C. on the 16th inst. Capt. Dickinson, and two others were killed.

LITERARY NOTICES.

MANUAL OF CLASSICAL LITERATURE—*Philadelphia*—Key & Biddle. This is a very valuable work from the pen of Professor Eschenburg of Brunswick, by N. W. Fiske, professor of classics in Amherst college. Among the many books of the season, the "Manual of Classical Literature" is without a rival, being one of the most valuable publications that have come to our notice. To the classic student and man of letters, the learned researches of Eschenburg will need no new field for exercise—a new light will be found a text book, copious, clear and complete, adapted to the wants of all who make literature a study or pastime. It is a work of reference, a companion of amusement, that can be resorted to at all times, and will ever entitle both author and publisher to the gratitude of the literary community—the dignity of the bench and the solemnity of its decisions, would soon come to be little reverenced or respected.

The situation of a judge is unlike that of any other officer under the government, it is necessarily so, from his vocation and office, and therefore the maxim that cases seem to act on, and that the Pennsylvanian seemed the other day to apply to this case, "that every public man is fair game to be hunted down," does not by any means hold here. He cannot condescend himself when attacked—for who would expect to see a judge entering the list with every scurvy anonymous scribbler, who might, from ignorance or a spirit of revenge, see fit to attack his judicial character.

But though Judge Lewis, in particular case, has, of course, nothing to say, the silence of the Attorney General, Mr. Dunkin, who has been most shamefully attacked by several presses, was not so much a matter of course. He has a very properly treated them, by his silence, not "according to their own deserts, but according to his own honor."

There never was a more groundless, wanton, wicked charge, than that of collusion—a charge, not directly preferred in the shape of any thing tangible—but vague conjectures, suppositions and insinuations, growing out of the form of examinations and inuendoes, than such as the Sun in particular has extended towards this gentleman, and for it continues to be attacked. We regret that the silence of the Attorney General, seems to be his best answer, particularly if it is the silence of contempt.

Is there then, it is asked, to be no remedy when a judge or an officer of a court, does not faithfully discharge his duties? There is now a charge, sons, for the very reason, that there is provided by the law a most ample remedy that this outrageous system of abuse will not be suffered to be resorted to. If a judge is false, impeach him—the constitution has provided for the very case. If the Attorney General is unfaithful, lay the facts before the executive, and ask for his dismissal. This is the way, "at least I was so early years ago," and such is the way it would be now, if the system and order in any thing, for sixty years to come.

The Poems of Ossian is the title of a neat little volume of two hundred and fifty pages, by the Rev. J. M. Dixon, of this city. It is a series of lectures upon Countryman and Marriage, & shows the origin and importance of the marriage institution—the evil of indiscriminate intercourse between the sexes—the duties entering upon marriage consequences, &c. &c. An introduction is given by the Rev. J. M. Duffield. In the third lecture, the author has laid down certain rules that should govern the sexes in the selection of marriage companions. To the lad or, he says, Do not allow the heart to be influenced by wealth—be not influenced in some honourable vocation—one who is amiable, virtuous and intelligent, is a treasure—a corpse—a mass of questionable morality, &c.

To the culprit he recommends not to marry a *libertine*—a *belle*, or *exotic*—a woman of dictatorial spirit or tyrannical disposition. The subject is one of much importance, and the reverend author takes an attractive view of it, which will be received with favour by the public.

It is published by Mr. Henry Perkins, Chesnut st.

KING SOLOMON'S COUNSELS TO THE YOUNG—*By the Rev. Hosea Hosker, Hartford—Burgess & Co. publishers.* We view in this work a production, hastily supplying indigent but respectable ladies, those who may have known better days, with work; either by furnishing them with materials to be made by the society, or with such as might be received at the Depository to be made up, and the entire profits, deducting a small per centage to make up the deficiency in the wheat crop, for the employment of workwomen, to go to those engaged in the making or manufacture of the articles.

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CORRESPONDENCE OF THE E. E. POST.

WASHINGTON, June 23d, 1836.

Dear Sir—I hope you do not expect much news at this period, and if so, I fear you may be disappointed. It is a sort of dead low water with us, and very little news of any kind to be had. Congress is still in session, but their debates have lost most of their interest, and I seldom see the gallery a quarter filled with spectators. The members themselves are tired of the business, and are anxious to get home to the fields of Egypt. Mr. Myers the great self appointed Custom-house agent, was tried yesterday, and acquitted on a plea of insanity, he has not been trusted with the custom house keys since, but is permitted to sit at the clerks, and without a key, during the first part of his trial, he was seen to open one of the desks that he had shoved, took out a letter, and read it with a leer, got up and walked off with it. Those who have not got the key of the door, will find it impossible to get in, and I understand the actions can be satisfactorily proved. I wonder that he did not accuse the clerk of having taken the money out of his own desk, and acknowledged the theft in the place; I have no doubt that he would have found people to believe him. But if he is so large, and so liberty to go to some of a very—take a fourth notice, and set him down as a fool. He is now detained about three thousand dollars from various disciples in this city—the Post Office is to be robbed—a mint to be established somewhere in the United States, and his confidence are about to be betrayed by the Government of the United States, for his duties, and I understand the actions can be satisfactorily proved

Variety is the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavours.

REASON AND LOVE.

Once Reason, they say, a lady he'd,
And read every book to get her;
But Love came, and by one sweet word
Has quite turned the lady's scholar.

Then lady Love'd somebody better;
For whenever poor Reason would knock at the door,
Attending a window to count how?
"Tis a maxim," was the answer forever in store,
"I'm from Cupid, her Ladyship's master."
For wisdom's a Reason, one seldom agrees,
So Cupid refused his services;
My business I see is improper to me,
But since he soon found that when Cupid was gone,
The lady was more than before his own.

Brief Epitaphs.

Dr. Walker, amongst other things, wrote a work on the English Particles which cost him to get this very short and pretty epitaph:

"Here lies Walker's Particles."

The brevity of which reminds us of that on the fellow Dr. Fuller:

"Here lies Fuller's Earth.

In Knottingley Church Yard.

A virtuous wife in the room of life,
Was snatch'd away, her soul is blest and
While some may weep, her flesh is gone to clay,
Her bones will rest.

On a Smuggler shot by the Excise Officers.

Here I lie,
Shot by the XII.

At the ninth next corner of the Cemetery of Saint Patrick's Cathedral, in the city of Dublin, there are a pair of gravestones bearing the following epitaph:

Here lies my poor wife much lamented,
Who is happy—I'm convinced.

In Modern Athens.

Here lies two brothers—by misfortune surrounded,
One died of too wounds—and the other was drowned.

Lines from the Arabic unpublished.

Watchful, I lie 'mo coung dove,
Whose tears, like mine, the grief is broken;
With sorrowful plaints she fills the grove,
While mine are by pangs inward driven.

Methinks we share one common grief,
And one love our sighs keep;
Partners in woe—ah, sad relief!—
"I'm left to wail, and mine to weep!

An Irish Bull.—Among the original settlers of Londonderry, N. H. there was a stout two-chested Irishman, who sat out to hew a very lofty on his skill in the mighty forest art. It was his ambition to construct the greatest house in the country, and this passion continued to the day of his life. On his death bed, he was visited by a benevolent clergyman, who set before him the eternal rewards and punishments, and such others mentioned that those who died in faith would not down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, in the world to come. The dying ruggist seemed to pay very little attention to the matter, but was anxious to know whether Swanzey would be there. "Yes, said the clergyman, Swanzey will be there also." And will he be there, sure, said Pat, brightening up for the moment and discerning but a faint ray of hope, that there will be a boxing there when he and I meets?

A Beautiful Reflection.—It cannot be that earth is man's abiding place. It cannot be that our life's cast up by the ocean of eternity to float a moment upon its waves an' sink into nothingness. Else why is it that the high and glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the fountain of the heart are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the ruling love of our soul never can be satisfied in earth, and earth, and pass off and leave us to mope upon their faded loveliness? Why is it the warm affection we lavish upon our kindred and friends is chilled in the grave, and we are left to pour out our lonely affections upon the cold turf which shuts out from our sight the object of our love? Why is it that we are doomed to clasp the shadow of departed joys to our bosoms, and to wear the weeds of our immortality like a mourning garment? Why is it that we are ever straining our eyes after the dreams of our childhood, and stretching our hands out after unsubstantial glory? And finally, why is it that brighter forms of beauty flit across the mind to our view, and taken away from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in upon themselves upon our hearts? Was we born for a higher destiny than this? Are we but drops of dew where the rainbow never fades; sun we the stars will rise and set before us, like embers that all other on the ocean, and where the beautiful longs to ach here pass before us like shadows, will stay in our presence forever.—*Balzac.*

Something for the curious.—In the great valley between the North and South Mountains, in Pennsylvania, commonly called the Kittatinny ridges, a well of a kind of rock known to the whites, and scarcely to Cumberland county, three or forty miles from the former, which led to a discovery of the following curious fact, for interest to special men. A few months in each summer, to the depth of about 20 feet, the breeze of these wells evidently grew cool, but fermentary when the weather was hot—of cool in comparison with the air. A herd was struck with fifty fathoms of line without finding the least obstruction. They remain at that time unfathomed and I take no doubt! The consequence is, that there is such a current here like that quarter, and how far it extends under the base of the coal primitive mountains, is not known. The Susquehanna and Pittsburgh, will be sure taken into notice by some future day, and nature there should be recognized in the tremendous abyss.—*Allegheny Magazine.*

POLICE AND ASSIZE INTELLIGENCE.

Marlborough-street.—*An Aspiring Genius.*—Thomas Atkins, a stout young boy, was brought before Mr. Chambers, on suspicion of having attempted to steal another person's property out of an old gentleman's pocket into his own. The chief prosecutor was a decent old man, and as the boy's entrance and replies indicated considerable shrewdness, Mr. Chambers was disposed to put a more questions to him. Mr. Chambers: Are you a pickpocket, boy?—Boy: I mean to be, sir, if I can find none. I was out they call a chance child, and brought up in Marlborough-street.—Mr. Chambers: And what made you leave the work house?—Boy: I came there worn't no prospect of no business there, so I thought I could put one of I could do a comfort for myself in the pocketing line, and I went to the first property first, and pocketing it out afterwards; a not that there was room.—Boy: No; I means I'd room and board. I did worry well till about three weeks from the present time, ten there came such a hungriness in my belly that the trade ain't worth a damn.—Mr. Chambers: How much are you able to stand a day?—Boy: Why, I may rub somewhat I can turn sixpence, and more I get as much as brought me in consequence; but such a days of luck as that 'ere nobody can't expect to last for every day.—Sixteen pounds of it is a good morning's work, and takes a deal of ground to go over. Mr. Chambers: I should think so; but I should never get such a quantity promiscuously from gentlemen's houses and coach-doors.—Boy: Lord, sir, not to be sure; it's gentlemen's and gentlemen's houses! Why they're the worry last sorts such things to be got by; no such business as that upon no terms. In gentlemen's houses they eat worry little else though fish and soup, such trash! no beef and nor cook-shops they're too wide awake to give away one's worth a farthing, and all.—Mr. Chambers: Then what business do you find so many houses?—Boy: Sometimes I remember I walk to get everybody up to the names, but I don't mind telling your Worship, as it's no trouble to me, the kitchen windows of it. The best places is at the back of the square, or were there's a dumping, and on Wednesday or Thursday, such are prime days.—Cause the cooks is to buy up pounds to dine of the next day's dinner, and then there's a chance of finding a wisdom for in it to sup.—The boy, poker, having answered the Magistrate civilly, was left to return to avoid and pocketed, and to strive to maintain himself by his industry, was a steward to leave the office.

Catching a Flea.—An English lady who lived in the country, and was clever in the management of a large domestic establishment, was ambitious of making as great a display as her husband's rank—and, a knowledge large one, could furnish; so, that here might seem no lack of economy, a great hall had been constructed in the house, with a large fireplace and ordered to take his stand behind his master's chair, with strict orders not to stir from the place under not the any thing unless she directed him: the lady well knowing that, although no footman could make a better appearance as a mute and still—a one week's attention would be intolerable to be soon put in motion. Accordingly the footman, after having been drilled and repeatedly exercised, took his post at the head of the table behind his master's chair for a while he found sufficient amusement in looking at the great fire—and, entering at the company. When he was weary of this, and of no one to do with he was to sit, he found his eyes begin to play about in the room.

I want a time when our ladies followed the French fashion of having the head and shoulders under the nature of the neck, instrument much aware! an accident to which the English dresses are so ill calculated. Not to-many time when, as London experience, I enjoyed destruction of both dress and comfort from a rat descending, as usual to where mammas the bosom fell. This lady was in the full bustle of her morning's toilet, and her room her attendant below, in the bottom of the hall, and not for I can be sure, the lady was in her full clothing dress. Thomas stood what Passgrave had seen upon the neck of Madeleine des Rodhes.—The guests were too much engaged with the business and the contrivance of the table, to see what must have been worth seeing, the ire alteration produced in Thomas's countenance by delight, when he saw a fine opportunity of showing himself attentive, and thinking himself useful. The lady was too much occupied with her economy to feel the fire; but to her horror, she felt the great finger and thumb of Thomas upon her back, and to her greater horror saw them exclaim in exultation, to the still greater amusement of the party—'a flea, a flea! my lady; aged, I've caught 'em!'

THE QUEEN AND THE QUAKERESS.

In the autumn of 16 8, her late Majesty Queen Caroline, visited Bath, accompanied by Lady Percival. The water soon elevated her, in a superior manner to the Royal patrons, that she proposed the accession to a park of some celebrity in the neighborhood, for the purpose of a ride and an airing by the out ery of Fire do. Notice was given of the Queen's of action, a message returned she should be so come. Our dis-tress-traveller had packages, ever before, had any personal acquaintance with a servant of the person who a courtier never voluntarily had access to: he had to notify her approach by the man name." The lady and gentlemen who was to attend the Queen waited had but the shoe of the exception to be expected. It was supposed that the Quaker would be less an city respect, by his dress, or manners. The royal carriage arrived at the lodge of the park, pounced in the sup-ect of the Queen, the persons appointed to have the care, to receive her, and announce a and ready to give the signal. The porter, who had been ordered to open both deliberately, as it was his usual way to open the gate, and announced to the lord in waiting, with "Queen's name." This was almost unnecessary, for Majesty—to which she was, you duly a servant, that her Majesty—to your mansion and say the Queen is here." "Friend," answered the man, "I have no manner of lady: but friend Rachel Mills expected to dine with her."

The Queen and princess were handed out, and ordered up the avenue, the door of the house opened the plainly attired Rachel, who without even a curtsey, took her with a cheerful, but lady-like "Come and I am glad to see you and thy daughter, I don't know what name to call you by, but you are welcome I show thee to our grounds." What could be said to such a reception? Nothing—absolutely nothing—of, implying that her Majesty came, not to pay a visit, but to receive one and was the Queen of England. Rachel led her by the hand.